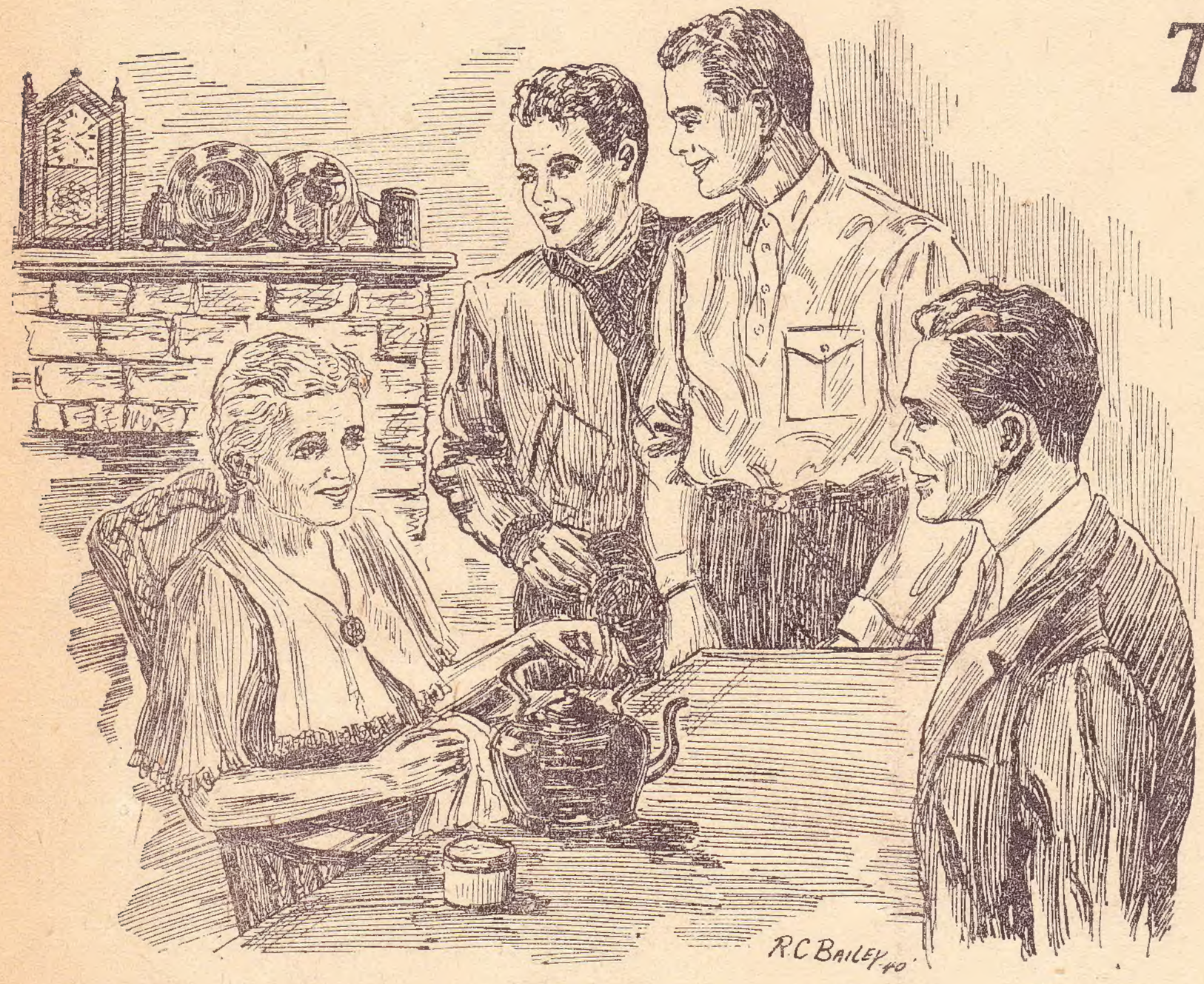
Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, November 8, 1940. | 77th Year.



"That Sandy is a sly one. *That's* why he's getting married,—to get the copper kettle!"

The Copper Kettle

By

M. W. FOX

For the Messenger

IT was late afternoon in the Patterson kitchen. Mither Patterson was engaged in diligently polishing a copper pot, or "kettle" as the family called it. The copper kettle was one of their household 'gods,' brought from Scotland with them. The kettle already had the appearance of highly polished brass, plus its own particular bronze hue. Three young men,—John, Charlie and Bob, entered the kitchen at the close of their day's work. At sight of his mother's occupation, John exclaimed in surprise.

"What, Mither, you're not polishing that copper kettle again? It's not more than two weeks since you were at it before!"

"I thought I'd gie it one more polish. It's likely the last I'll ever gie it," there was pathos in both voice and eyes as she said it.

"What? You're no sick, Mither?" and the three sons hastily stepped towards her, an anxious look on their faces.

"Oh, I'm well enough! But you surely kent I'd be gieing the copper kettle to Sandy and the teacher for a weddin' present! You've heard me often eneuch say the one o' you that married first would get the kettle."

* * *

SILENCE in the Patterson kitchen.

"Auch! That Sandy is a sly one! That's been why he married her—to get the copper kettle," and John winked at his brothers. He felt the necessity for a joke just then.

That night, the three brothers were long in going to sleep, an unusual thing for them. About ten o'clock John nudged Charlie, whispering, "Mither's not gone to bed yet—I've been hearing her browsing about for some time."

The three, feeling a little uneasy, slid out of bed and tiptoed to the head of the stairs. Yes, their mother was there and talking; but there was no one else in the kitchen. They tip-toed down a few steps and peered over the baluster.

Their mother was sitting in front of the kitchen table; she had taken down the copper kettle from the shelf and it was shining there in front of her. She was gazing at it pensively and saying in little broken snatches of talk, "Not but what I meant it when I promised that the first married would ha' you—but it's only that when the time comes it's hard to make the partin' . . . I remember well the day Andrew brought you to me, so proud like he was. It's a good many years now I've been lookin' at you as I went about my wuirk in this new country—alone through many a day . . . always you ha' made me think of bonny Scotland and lang syne . . . it's no but what I don't fair worship the ground they both walk on, for my heart's like to dance the Highland Fling when I think she's really marryin' my Sandy . . . but they'll no begrudge it to me for the wee bit a time I've got left, they'll ha' it for mony a day after I'm gone," and the old Scottish woman whisked back a tear, a rather unusual demonstration for Mither Patterson, part of whose creed was, "The men-folk aye look to their wimmin to help keep up their spirits."

The three men slipped back to bed, Charlie whispering, "If she does give it, we'll tell Sandy not to take it."

"But we'll not let her gi'e it," sternly decreed John. "What's more, the house would no' seem like home without the copper kettle."

* * *

NEXT morning Bob beckoned his brothers out behind the barn, and announced triumphantly, "I had a grand idea in the night—of a plan to help save the copper kettle for Mither."

"Out with it!"

"How would it be if the three of us got busy and built a bit of an addition on to Sandy's shack before him and the teacher come back—a bit of a sitting room and maybe a bedroom? It's a disgrace to the whole family to have a girl like her comin' to a place like that."

"You're sayin' it," disgustedly responded Charlie. "We all know that Sandy is the pick of the bunch and the only one that's much on education. And that he thinks the world of her and all that, but Sandy's simple like in some ways. The chances are he'll never gi'e it a thought about her no' bein' used to makin' her home in a one-roomed log shack. And she's seen him mostly at the school-house that she's fixed up so braw, and at Mither's here with the flowers all about, and the copper kettle shining down, and all; but——"

"You've said a mouthful," contributed John, and then, with considerable fervor and revealing more than he meant, "If it had been me, now, the minute she'd said she'd ha'e me I'd got busy fixin' up my shack—added a couple of rooms and that, whether wheat was up or down."

This met with a several minutes' silence.

"But where does Mither and the copper kettle come in?" at last speered Charlie.

"The addition to Sandy's shack will be the weddin' present from *the whole Pa'terson family*—get that into your crannies! The buildin' will need windows—mind how keen the teacher was on seein' the outdoors? Well, we'll put a big window in the sittin' room, lookin' 'right over here toward Mither's and we'll clean out them poplars where the short-cut is, so's she can see over—be heartenin' to see another place and buddies moving about."

* * *

THE eyes of the three glowed. If the price of wheat had jumped fifty cents a bushel they could not have looked more elated—no "dour Scot" about them now.

"But the copper kettle?" persisted Charlie—principally to camouflage his ardor about making Sandy's shack over for the teacher.

"Oh, hold your blatherin'! I was comin' to that. With the price of wheat what it's been none of us has much money; but I ken Mither still has considerable siller in that stocking leg of hers—or I miss my guess.

"Now, the glass for the windows will cost money, so we'll tell Mither that will be her share—payin' for the glass. But, we'll give her plainly to understand that the shack is the *entire* weddin' present from the *entire* family and if she still insists on giving the copper kettle there'll be *no addition*—now, do you see my plan for savin' the kettle for Mither? Surely you all ken how keen Mither will be, and how proud, to have the grand building ready for the teacher."

"Bob, you're a wonder!" and John meant it, too. "You'd make a good adviser to Mackenzie King! It's a grand plan!"

"You couldna have struck a better!" exulted Charlie.

* * *

OF course the boys really did want to keep the copper kettle for their mother, and they themselves would miss it sorely—it had been a glint of brightness there in the meagre kitchen and a part of their everyday lives for many a year.

But the truth of the matter was—not only Sandy, but John, Charlie, and Bob had been "desperately in love" with the teacher. The three had fully intended to "ask her" when she returned to the school in September; but Sandy, the 'prince' of the family, had gone to Edmonton to get a job till harvest, and now had come word that he and the teacher were to be married before his return.

So the fortunes of love and war had left the three disappointed. But not for the world would any of them have admitted his true feeling to the others. Each thought that it was only he who was using Mither's copper kettle as a camouflage. For "I'll be doing this much for her, anyhow," said each goodhearted fellow to himself. And, after all, if Sandy was her choice, then Sandy's family must make a good showing!

* * *

"WELL, we'll be spared the trouble of cutting and hauling the logs," finally announced Bob, in a tone that he was trying to make sound casual. "I gave up the idea of building a barn, so I have a lot at my place just going to waste—we may as well use them for the addition."

"And there's that beaverboard of mine—that I ordered to fix over my own shack," just as casually responded John. "I was thinking of writing to Edmonton to see if they'd take it back—a foolish idea anyhow, when I'm down here at Mither's most of the time. There'll likely be enough of it for her sittin' room and bedroom."

So, the plan was finally put to Mither.

They were right. She was in raptures with it. But when they added the proviso—*give the copper kettle and there'll be no addition,* they noticed a sudden glint of pleasure come to the blue eyes; in her excitement she actually put an extra teaspoonful of tea into the pot. But she nevertheless answered with what she tried to make sound like an indignant protest.

"And why ha' you to be haulin' in the copper kettle, I'd like to know?" What has that to do with it?"

* * *

BUT she didn't deceive her "bies." They had seen that glint in her eyes.

"She's glad of a way out," they chuckled to themselves.

"Well, ha' it your own way!" she said with an air of great resignation. "You ha' your fether's stubbornness. But like eneuch, they'll no be giein' a thought to the copper kettle they'll be so taken up with their grand hoose. And I'll no deny the partin' with it would hae been hard and——"

"That was just it, Mither."

The old lady turned about suddenly and glanced shrewdly into the eyes of the speaker. Then she peered into the faces of the other two. Evidently she read—or thought she did—something there that they had been trying to hide, so now her eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Ah, I've caught you!" she announced, delightedly. "I should no' be surprised if it wasna' to save the copper kettle for your mither that *prompted* the buildin' o' the addition."

The boys broke into a roar of relieved laughter. Each felt that his secret was safe!

"It's only now you're catchin' on, Mither!" ventured Bob.

"You've struck it, Mither," winked Charlie.

"Ah, but you're the fine laddies!" praised Mither. "So unselfish like and thoughtful of your mither—you're growin' more like your fether with every breath you draw."

"Tut! Tut! Mither!" and the old lady thought it was her praise that had brought the embarrassed color to their cheeks.

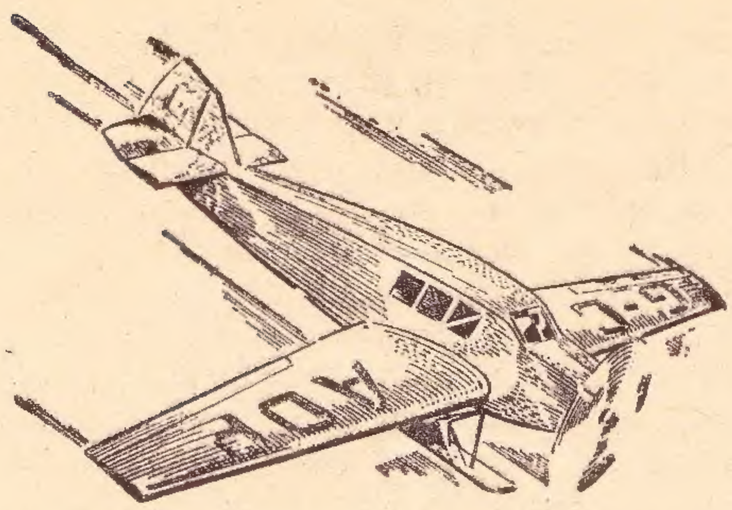
* * *

CHARLIE was the one delegated to meet the bride and groom at the station twelve miles away, with the big farm wagon. After bashfully greeting the pair, he hastily announced,

"I've been given strict orders by the entire family that I was to make the two of you promise before you ever set foot in the wagon that you'd agree not to go near your own place until the morn's morning—Sabbath. You're to stay strictly at Mither's till then."

(Please turn to Page 4.)

Broken Schedule



By L. E. Eubanks

Written for the Messenger

NED BRIGHTON, youngest pilot on the Trans-Mountain Airway, tapped his foot in vexation as the mechanician signalled him to wait a moment. It was one of those times when it seemed just impossible to get off. Twice Bill had thought of things he wanted to say, and now, even after Ned was seated in the machine, something else seemed to be wrong.

Mechanician Bill, as he came up, pointed to a large automobile bearing down upon them at perilous speed. One of its occupants was gesturing frantically, evidently begging Ned not to start.

"The mail must go through," quoted Ned—"and on time. I'm late now." But he waited, muttering and frowning. As the machine slowed down a man leaped to the ground, waved a package wildly, and rushed up to the airplane.

"Thank you so much for waiting, Mr. Mailiman. This is highly important. I will waste none of your time. This (indicating the package) is currency, gathered from the three banks of this town, and going to the Vineville National. There's a run on it, and unless this money reaches Vineville by five o'clock the bank will be ruined. I did not get the phone in time to use any other method; airplane is the only chance."

* * *

HE held out the package, but at first Ned made no move to take it. "I may not stop at Vineville," he objected. "Whether I do or not in bad weather is left to my judgement. Very little mail for that village, nasty landing there, and it'll probably be foggy by that time."

"Oh, oh, it must go!" insisted the banker. "Name any rate you wish, but please take it."

"All right—if I can," replied the pilot, accepting the package. "Forget the tip; I get a salary, you know." Quickly he inspected it, noting the paid postage, registration and special delivery, then he tossed it into the mail compartment with the mail sacks. The motor roared, the ship moved with increasing speed down the runway, lifted itself gracefully into the air, and sailed away to the foothills.

Ned Brighton was despondent. He was going through one of those spells when thoughts of the past chased away all his habitual cheerfulness. Five years today, he reflected, since his parents had been killed in that terrible accident. His twin sister had never returned from her visit in Nevada, and throughout all his wanderings in the West he had never been able to get track of her. He took a picture from his inside coat-pocket, looked at it lovingly, then replaced it, and tried to whistle himself into higher spirits.

There was a heavy mist, but the young pilot knew it to be a precursor of fog, not rain. Looking at the hills and gorges less than a thousand feet below, he knew that there would be no chance of a landing even in an emergency until he reached Vineville. And he knew that the rain of the last few days must have left the Vineville landing in a sloppy condition. Of course the safest plan was to hurry on past Vineville and reach Oretown before the fog grew dense.

* * *

THEN he remembered the banker's great anxiety. It *was* important; hundreds of people were vitally concerned. He knew that groundless rumor had wrecked many good banks by precipitating just such a misfortune as now threatened the Vineville institution.

But he was proud of his record. In the several weeks of his work as mail carrier he had never been behind schedule; and that clean page would surely be marred if he landed at Vineville.

Undecided, he flew on, as the fog thickened rapidly. He frowned as he thought of the responsibility. Thousands of dollars in that package! Why land at all—in this part of the country? How did that banker know that the money would be safe? He did not; but he trusted the man who was trusted by the Government. The Government would be the loser.

Ned was not tempted. It was only a natural line of thought, under the circumstances. He had always been honest, and he purposed always to be.

Now the fog had become serious, and Vineville was but a few miles away. He must decide. Orders were to deliver Vineville mail to Oretown when landing conditions at the former place were too unfavorable. But the delay of this package which that plan involved would be fatal to the Vineville bank.

Ned veered to the southward; he had decided. He must put aside personal pride and the thoughts of danger, and think of those hundreds of depositors who would have to lose in order that he, an individual, might maintain a perfect record for schedule.

* * *

CIRCLING over Vineville, in the course of another hour, he could barely make out the hangar. There was no wind to fear, he did not have to see the indicator on the building. The atmosphere was almost at a dead calm, but oh, that Vineville mud!

A great crowd awaited the machine, and the applause was deafening as the young airman manipulated his ship for a successful landing. It was fortunate for Ned's plan of hurrying on that policemen were on the scene to restrain the crowd's enthusiasm. It was only by the bluecoats' assistance that he managed to command enough space to get into the air again.

As he flew away Ned Brighton confessed that the thrill of duty well performed was worth any black mark against his highly-prized perfection of schedule. Those men back there who had labored in field and factory for a little bank account were now safe, and the bank would prove its solvency.

Ned was happy, and elated over the craftsmanship which landing in the Vineville mud had required.

But craftsmanship was still in great demand, for the fog was thicker than ever, and he had yet to clear the surrounding hills.

There was no greater romance in the pioneer days of mail-carrying than is being written today by the heroic carriers of air mail. Over mountain crags and across valleys of verdure and loveliness, up through fog and mist and on through driving rain, in sunlight and in shadow, through darkness, storm, sleet, hail and snow, the mail flies on. For "the mail must go through." That is a slogan the world over. It is maintained even if here or there a winged skimmer of the earth loses its pinions and comes hurtling down, or if a mountain is "crashed."

* * *

SNOW began to fall and clouds hovered ominously near. Suddenly the fog closed in around the plane; it was almost as dark as night, and Ned

regretted that he had left Vineville. He was in a precarious position. He must get out of that particularly dense mass of fog. He thought he saw a "hole" between the clouds and the fog; through that perhaps he would find brighter flying.

He swung his plane for the "hole," and the next moment the machine was knocking the tops off cedar trees. He had crashed on a mountain-side!

When Ned regained consciousness he found himself lying on a rude but comfortable bed in a miner's cabin. The old gentleman standing nearby explained that he had heard the crash and had gone to the rescue immediately.

"I got Vineville hospital on the phone and the ambulance is on its way; it isn't far. Your arm is broken and your knee looks badly wrecked. Just lie quiet until the doctor gets here."

Ned had not been in the hospital two hours until James D. Roth, President of the Vineville National Bank, was at his bedside, anxious to do anything possible for the young man who had done so much for him.

He grasped Ned's uninjured hand. "What's your name, my lad? Your face looks familiar."

Ned told him, whereupon Mr. Roth looked intently at him again, then exclaimed:

"Brighton! Well, of all the good luck! No wonder your face seems familiar. You have a twin sister, Nellie, have you not?"

Ned almost leaped out of bed, but a gesture from the nurse restrained him.

"Yes, yes!" he cried; "do you know anything about her?"

"Indeed I do," answered kind old Mr. Roth. "I ought to; she's my daughter-in-law. Two years ago she married my son, Ralph, only a few years older than you."

Ned Brighton was too happy to say much. He insisted on getting up, but they would not permit it. Mr. Roth knew how to quiet him.

"Nellie shall be with you as soon as my car can get her here; and she'll be as happy as you are. Many times she has regretted that she did not keep in touch with you. Only yesterday we were all wishing that Nellie's brother were here to fill a vacated position in our bank. Cheer up, lad, your search is at an end."

The bride was shopping for a vacuum cleaner, and the clerk was exhibiting several different makes.

"What is the name of that one?" she enquired, indicating a machine.

"That is the Belvidere," replied the clerk.

The bride gave him a withering glance. "And can you recommend the Belva?" she enquired icily.

THE COPPER KETTLE

(Continued from Page 2.)

"We were counting on getting settled in our own place tonight," demurred Sandy.

"Well, Mither's set her heart on it. The truth of the matter is, we've got a little weddin' present for you over there, and we want to be all with you when you first glimpse it. It's a present from Mither and the three boys of us—a combined present from the entire family, you understand. Besides, Mither's got the house all fixed up in your honor and is countin' on you spendin' the night. She's a grand supper all ready for you—'the very last of the ham'." (They all chuckled, for Mither's "very last of the ham" was a standing joke in the family.)

"She's had the very last of the ham a dozen times," laughed Sandy. "But what say, Ruth?"

"Of course we'll stay," beamed Ruth. "And please hurry the horses, Charlie—I can almost smell that ham right now."

* * *

NEXT morning the whole family packed themselves into the big farm wagon and went round by the road to Sandy's place. A long sort of winding lane led from the main road and through the grove of poplars to the shack. The building was not visible until they were almost upon it.

Ruth gave a little gasp of amazement as the full glory of the transformation came into view. Sandy was speechless.

So, they were all soon over the side of the wagon and through the door of the new house—laughing, exclaiming, explaining.

"Oh, it's a palace!" sparkled Ruth, half wild with delight as she gazed about in admiration at the golden-brown beaver-boarded sitting-room with its broad window looking straight across to Mither's, and into the neat, also beaver-boarded bedroom.

"Just wait till I get my rose-colored curtains up, and all," gurgled the laughing bride. "Oh, Sandy, say something to thank them!"

But Sandy's Scottish reticence was to the fore. And he was so overcome with the extent of the family gift that—well he did succeed in giving his mother's hand a little squeeze, and giving his brothers each a resounding clap on the back.

"And, oh—see, Sandy, they've even put up a mantel-shelf—oh, the dears!" And before they had time to blush she had given each of her new brothers a resounding smack—she wasn't a Scot.

"That was Mither's idea," explained Bob. "She said no sitting room was complete without a mantel-shelf."

But Mither was now busy fumbling at the big gunny sack she had dragged along. She started to untie the binder twine there at the top, explaining, "I've been saving the goose feathers ev[illegible] since I came to Canada, so that I could gie each o' you bies a pair of pillows when you married—so Sandy here will ha' the first pair. And I guess they'll na' come amiss."

She dragged out the two pillows. Between them was *the copper kettle.*

"And you'll be needin' something to put on your mantel," she said, quite casual-like, and placed the copper kettle on its throne.

Prevention of Whooping Cough

FROM studies made at the Connaught Laboratories and School of Hygiene, Toronto, one gains the view that whooping cough may be prevented by the timely use of a fresh strain vaccine produced for this purpose. The study referred to was carried on for six years among groups of control and vaccinated children.

Up to the present time 288 control and 1,007 vaccinated children have been followed. Of the former, 52 and of the latter 97, were in contact with cases of whooping cough. The number of cases in the first group were 43 and in the latter group 10, so that the respective percentages were 82 and 10.

* * *

OF the 97 contacts in the vaccinated group there were 23 direct exposures to brothers and sisters with whooping cough. In the 23 instances the nature of the contact was intimate and continuous (often kissing, drinking from the same cup or sleeping in the same bed). None of the 23 developed the disease from their brothers and sisters.

This is very strong evidence of the protective value of thee vaccine since one would not expect al of the 23 children continuously exposed to whooping cough to escape the disease.

It will be noted that there were 82 cases of whooping cough in the control group and but ten in the vaccinated children. This is another strong suggestion that the vaccine protects.—John W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

FACTS ABOUT THE SPERM WHALE

The jawbone of a sperm whale may be 20 feet long.

Ambergris is found only in the head of the sperm whale.

Although the sperm whale may be 70 feet long its brains are no bigger than those of a bull.

One of the largest sperm whales ever caught weighed 150 tons, as much as five elephants.

The mother took her little daughter into a shoe store to buy her a pair of play shoes. Before the little girl would consent to even try on a pair she said to the clerk, "Can these shoes run fast?"

"I'll Tell You About England"

SIR Shenton Thomas, Govenor and Commander-in-chief of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner of the Federated Malay States spoke in Montreal on his way from England to Singapore.

Telling of the services of the Beaver Club to men of the Canadian forces in Britain, he said, "I should like to assure the people of Canada that everything possible is being done for the the happiness and comfort of their sons and husbands when they visit London."

Now let me tell you a little about England. * * * The people of England are calm, confident, and happy. This may sound odd with air raids every day and night but it is true. And they have some very good sound solid reasons for this. In the first place, the British Navy controls the seas. Such losses as we have had have been more than made good, and in the Mercantile Marine we have actually a greater tonnage today than we had at the outbreak of war. Day after day, night after night, convoys of ships go quietly up and down the Channel shepherded by the Navy and the R.A.F. The Germans tried to bomb these convoys off the seas. They failed, so badly that to the best of my knowledge they have not tried for a very considerable time.

* * *

Speaking of the airmen he said: Your heart goes out to them in pride and gratitude. For them no praise can be too high. They have won the mastery of the air by their skill and courage in spite of an inferiority in numbers, which is quickly passing away.

* * *

In the English countryside the damage done has been astonishingly small. * * *

In London especially in the poorer quaters of the East End, and in some other large towns, considerable damage has, of course, been done, but if anyone of you were to enter London tomorrow in the expectation of seeing scenes of wholesale destruction he would be very pleasantly suprised. And if you could see the way London is carrying on you would not only be suprised, you would be thrilled.

* * *

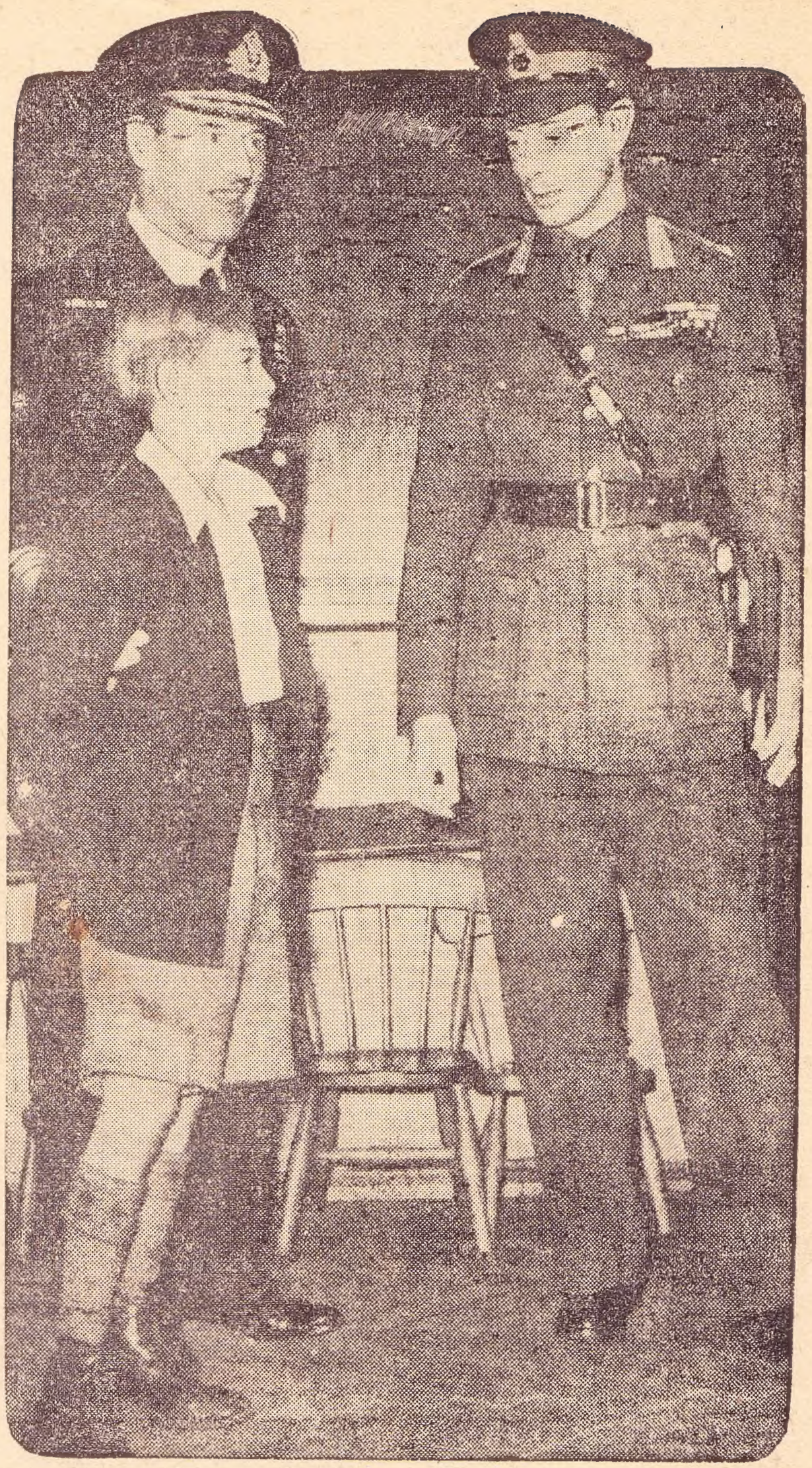
The people of England are all in the front line and they seem to thrive on it. Civilian casualities from bombing are something like 10 times as numerous as Service casualities. Hitler thought he was going to make us panic. He was wrong. He has bombed our hospitals, our churches, our homes, from Buckingham Palace down to the humblest cottage, and the people of England are still captains of their souls, and their courage and determination burns more brightly and more fiercely day by day. I tell you that the last six months have been for me the most inspiring and exhilarating experiences of the whole of my life. I would not have missed them for anything in the world.

* * *

Damage to London there is. She has some honourable scars, but London stands and the people of London too.

Malay and theEmpire

This little country of Malaya, with Singapore at its most southerly point, is today strategically and commercially



The King expresses sympathy with a 12-year-old boy who has been bombed out of two homes, but who still has his chin up. They are in a food centre for the homeless in East London. At the left is Admiral Sir Edward Evans, whom Londoners call their "Shelter Dictator."

"In the Steps of the Master"

To move among people on the common street . . . to meet them in the market on equal terms . . . to live among them not as a saint or monk, but as brother-man with brother-man . . . to serve God not with love of ritual, but in the free impulse of a soul . . . to bear the burden of society, and relieve its needs . . . to carry on the multitudinous activities of the city — social, commercial, political, philanthropic — in Christ's spirit, and for His ends—this is the religion of the Son of Man, and the only meetness for heaven which has much reality in it.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

Remembrance Day

WHAT is the practical thing to do on Remembrance Day? With all our hearts we pay tribute to the men who gave their lives or their health and hopes in the Great War of 1914-18. Then in the two minutes' silence we have an opportunity to wait for the Voice of God to tell us what to do.

There is only one authoritative Source from which to take orders in a time of so great adventure and uncertainty. Our part may be to carry on our everyday job in an office. It may be to keep a home together and a family's spirits high. It may be to give up our ordinary work and join one of the Services.

There is a job for everyone and a purpose in every job. Whatever you are to do God will show it to you as you listen for His Voice in the silence and as you follow His leading through circumstances. It will be your piece of national service and your most worthy tribute to the men who died and those who are giving their lives for us today.

In every perplexity let us turn straight to God, having confidence in His power to lead us and readiness to follow and obey as the Prophets of old obeyed Him.

If Jesus had victory over death, which is the greatest evil we fear, how much more can we have victory through Him over every lesser evil.

"I ask Christ that His likeness may be formed in me. I can't tell now what the result will be but I know it will be the right thing." As a plant responds to the light and warmth and rain and grows into a flower, so must our personalities respond to God and grow into the plan He has for us.

Listening to God develops our thinking, makes us articulate.

The Heart of the Task

"CAUSES and programs turn dull and lose their grip unless there is an attachment that is very personal. So Jesus presents Himself as the embodiment of the Cause, the Kingdom. In Him the Kingdom looks out at us with tender eyes and touches us with warm redemptive hands. Jesus is the Kingdom personalized. Jesus made "for My sake" and "for the Gospel's sake" synonymous, but the Gospel was the Gospel of the Kingdom, therefore He made Himself and the Kingdom synonymous."—E. Stanley Jones.

Miracle

"Master, I have not strength to serve
Thee much,
The half day's work is all that I can
do,
So let Thy mighty, multiplying touch
Even to me the miracle renew.
Let one word feed five thousand
And Thy power
Expand to life's results
One earnest, feeble hour."—Amen!

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. 40:31.

Mon. : When I am weak, then am I strong. —2 Cor. 12:10

Tue. : My God shall be my strength.—Isa. 49:5

Wed. : He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.—2 Cor. 12:9

Thu. : —Let him take hold of My strength.—Isa. 27:5

Fri. : Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.—Ps. 55:22.

Sat. : I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.—Gen. 32:26.

Words of Meaning

A MANIFESTO supporting the plea for Moral and Spiritual Re-Armament, signed by leading Scottish people, including our gracious Queen's father, contained the following words, which are even more applicable to-day than when they were written eighteen months ago:

"Obedience to God must replace self-will and slavery to convention. This higher loyalty will surmount Difference of class, creed and faction. So armed, so united, a nation can face the future with assurance."
—Church of England Newspaper.

Specially in War-Time

When through the deep waters I call
thee to go
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee
o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trials to
bless
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, thy wants shall
supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only
design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

—George Keith (1787.)

Care most about obeying God.

If we obey Him in small, everyday things always we shall meet big crises in the same loving, fearless spirit, for it will have become habitual.

For Those Yet To Die

A Young Man's Prayer

GOD of the nations, I come unto Thee in prayer for those yet to die in war.

The young men of many lands who will yield their young lives on distant and unknown fields.

The young women working in hospitals to ease the wounded who will die when bombed from the sky.

The bitter cry of children whom hunger will kill, or allow to live the life of the handicapped.

For those, O Lord, I come unto Thee in this my prayer.

Strengthen Thou the arms and hearts of those who labour to build a world of peace.

Cleanse my heart of the hate and bitterness and disdain for others on which all wars are built.

Dedicate this day to the creating of good will among races and classes and lands.

Build a brotherhood—and let it begin in my heart — now. In the name of the Prince of Peace. Amen.

Young People's Bible Reading

The Great Physician

by BEREAN

For Sunday
NOV. 17, 2940.
Luke 7:2-15

Great prominence is given in the Gospels to miracles of healing and our Lord plainly regarded practical work of this kind as an integral part of His work of salvation.

Briefly expressed the teaching of the miracles of healing is as follows:

(1) *That the preservation of life and health by all the means in our power is a Christian duty. The Christian will seek "a sound mind in a sound body" for himself and for others. In practice this leads to the establishment of hospitals, efficient sanitation, and factory legislation to protect life and limb and health.*

(2) *That the soul can often be reached through the body. Christ touched the souls of those whom He healed and the early Church made as many converts by its works of mercy as by its preaching. Missionary societies are well aware of this and send out many medical missionaries.*

(3) *That pain, disease and death are no part of God's will for man. Like sin they came into the world against His will, and they are part of those "works of the devil" which the Son of God was manifested to destroy.*

God permits disease, as He permits moral evil. He even overrules it for good, so that sickness may become a visitation from God full of spiritual blessings; nevertheless disease is no part of His original plan of creation; it is not natural but against nature, and it can have no part in the perfected kingdom of God.—Dummelow.

THERE is a wonderful picture of our Lord's first Sabbath in Capernaum. (St. Luke 4:31-43; St. Matthew 8:14-17; St. Mark 1:23-38) There were many such days in which the sick in body and mind and soul crowded round Him for help and healing.

His ministrations often began in the early morning and continued till long after nightfall. People thought of the old verse in Isaiah (53:4) "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Or as Matthew translates it, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

Weary as He often must have been, He was never impatient and never turned a deaf ear to anyone who sought Him.

A Roman Soldier

AFTER a circuit of the towns and countryside of Galilee, concluding with His great discourse to His disciples, He returned with the twelve, and doubtless many others, to Capernaum.

A centurion.—Galilee was under the jurisdiction of Herod Antipas. An admirer of the Romans, he had modelled his forces on the Roman model.

Time-expired Roman soldiers would assist him, much as British officers often organize and train the armies of the native princes in India.

A centurion in the Roman army commanded a century, that is from 50 to a hundred men. He had risen from the ranks and as a rule was not eligible for higher promotion. The centurions mentioned in the N.T. are all presented in a favorable light. (Matt. 27:54; Acts chaps 10, 27, 28)

"Probably in the general wreck of the moral institutions of the heathen world, the Roman army was one of the few in which some of the old virtues survived." (R.C. Trench)

The centurion's servant was very ill so he sent leaders of the Jews to ask Jesus to come and heal him.

Worthy . . . thou shouldst do this—literally "that thou shouldst reach forth," that is, "offer kindness to him."

What a fine man this Roman soldier must have been. He loved his bond-servant, at a day when such servants were considered as chattels. Like many other good Romans he had been impressed by the faith of the Jews in one God, and by their higher standard of character.

So the Jews said, "he loveth our nation and himself built us our synagogue." (R.V.)

Not far from the house.—"The narrative . . . suggests that he sent for Jesus, but when he saw the wonderful Rabbi actually approaching, was abashed at his own temerity." (Adeney)

Not worthy—literally "not fit, not sufficient." What noble humility! How he recognizes our Lord's goodness.

My servant.—The centurion does not use the term "bond servant" as in v. 2 but the kindly expression "my boy" or "my lad".

A Soldier's Faith

ALSO . . . under authority.—He is under the authority of his superior officers and of the Emperor. His soldiers and servants obey because they recognize this supreme authority transmitted through him. So he sees that the wonderful Teacher and Healer is under the authority of God. His word is God's word and sickness and health and invisbile powers must therefore obey Him.

The centurion's simple, practical faith was typically that of a soldier.

"Observe the Centurion's belief in an invisible, living Will. 'Speak the word only' . . . He . . . could trust the Living Will out of sight. This is the highest form of faith. . . .

"Evidently he looked upon this universe with a soldier's eye: he could not otherwise. To him this world was a mighty camp of Living Forces in which Authority was paramount. Trained in obedience to military law, accustomed to render prompt submission to those above him, and to exact it from those below him, he read Law everywhere; and Law to him meant nothing, unless it meant the expression of a Personal Will. It was this training through which Faith took its form.

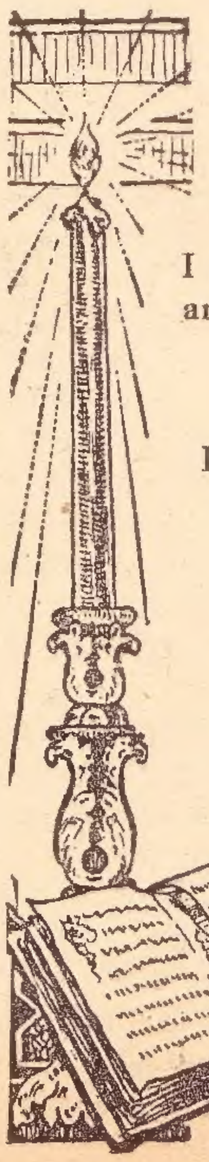
"When the Gospel was first announced on earth, it was proclaimed to the shepherds and Magians in a manner appropriate to their modes of life.

"Each in his own way: each in his own profession: each through that little spot of the universe given to him." (F. W. Robertson)

As the Law led the Jew to Christ "so here military discipline is the soldier's schoolmaster with the same result." (Adeney)

Jesus marvelled.—Twice we read of our Lord that "he marvelled." In Nazareth (St. Mark 6:6) "He marvelled because of their unbelief." Here He

(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse

I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.
—John 10:10

DAILY BIBLE READINGS
From Nov. 11 to Nov. 17.

Mon.—Luke 7:2-10
Tue.—Luke 7:11-17
Wed.—Luke 7:36-50
Thu.—Mark 2:1-12
Fri.—Luke 15:11-24
Sat.—John 10:7-10
Sun.—John 10:11-18

"Thanks to All Your Readers"

October 22, 1940.

To the Editor
of the Northern Messenger.

On behalf of Mr. W. R. Creighton, our Treasurer, I write to thank you for the recent contribution of $84.65, from your subscribers toward our work. I enclose an official receipt to cover this amount. Just now, when our time, attention and energies are so taken up with the war it is gratifying to know that work among our Labrador fisherman and their families—which is so normal and so worthwhile—is still receiving the attention and sympathy which it deserves. Would you convey our grateful thanks to all your readers.

We were very pleased to read what was said about Sir Wilfred in the current number of "The Northern Messenger." It also seemed so fitting that the same number contained the article contributed by Dr. Grenfell himself; I believe the very last story he wrote.

Thanking you for your interest and help,

Sincerely yours,
E. G. Graham,
Secretary.

* * *

WE are happy to pass on this message to our readers. It is true that we get out of life only as much as we put into it. And so those who have "put something into" the work on the Canadian Labrador will reap dividends of very true satisfaction.

* * *

Christmas cards sold for the benefit of the children on the coast have just come to our notice and we recommend them as being very attractive and "different."

A pocket calendar with the hospital ship "Strathcona" pictured on the cover sells for 5 cents. The smallest card, especially for little tots, with a little fawn and a child in its design is also 5 cents.

Two larger designs, more elaborate each sell for 10c. One is a Madonna scene drawn by Sir Wilfred Grenfell himself and carries his signature; the other is a Labrador Church scene among the snows. The colors are excellent in all. These cards may be obtained at the above prices by writing to:

The Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission,
Inc., 48 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

Oct. 24, 1940.

To our Northern Messenger Friends.

Again the friends of the Northern Messenger have shown their interest by sending a fine Thanksgiving Offering of $18.95 to the Friendly Home, and we wish to extend to them the very warm thanks of Miss Smith and the Board of Management of the Home for their kind gift, and sympathetic interest in the work, which is much appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
Christina F. Gurd,
Corres. Secy.

(See "I Care" col. page 12.)

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

(Continued from Page 7.)

"marvelled" at the faith of the pagan soldier.

Not in Israel.—The centurion was a Gentile. As a soldier in those days he was exposed to special temptations. But he had overcome these disadvantages and made them serve to nobler ends. People came to our Lord to be healed by His touch. The Centurion felt that His "word" was sufficient. He had gained a deeper and fuller sense of our Lord's authority than any of His own people.

The Widow's Son

SOON after this our Lord came to the little town of Nain.

Nain lies about 25 miles S.W. of Capernaum on "little Hermon" as the hill slopes to the ancient battleground of Esdraelon.

Once it was a large, prosperous village; today it is a huddle of wretched huts. The little Mohammedan mosque has a beautiful name, "The Place of the Lord Jesus."

Much people.—Not only the Twelve, but many other disciples and a great multitude saw the miracle. "This thing was not done in a corner."

Carried out.—"Jewish tombs were always outside the walls and burials were required within 24 hours." (Dummelow)

People of the city.—The widow and her son were respected and beloved in the little town.

Compassion.—A strong word indicating the going out of one's whole nature to another in sympathy. The English word "compassion" is fine also, it has the idea of throwing one's arms round another to comfort and protect him.

The mother as chief mourner would walk first in the little procession. Jesus stayed her with the words, "Weep not."

Touched the bier.—A frame of wicker work supported on staves. Coffins were not employed in Palestine.

I say unto thee.—Note our Lord's word of authority. He was and is Master of Life and Death and of all things. "Neither death nor life . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. 8:38, 39)

Sat up.—"The Greek word is rare except among medical writers; the use of it is another mark of Luke the physician." (Adeney)

Began to speak.—This detail, like others in the story, carries us back to the narrative of eye-witnesses. (St. Luke 1:2)

To his mother. — How beautifully Luke ends the story. How mother and son and all the people must have rejoiced as they returned to the village which a little while before they had left in such sorrow. So God turns our sorrow into joy.

"That they might have life"

"THE soul of Jesus was filled with an infinite pity for the poor and bewildered people of Galilee whom he saw as sheep which have no shepherd. And he told them that, if they would trust him and his message, the good time promised them by the prophets would be found to have come. God was their Father Who loved them each and all with a father's love, and he was sent to speak to them in the Father's name. The tidings of great joy had at last come to the poor. . . .

"This is the first impression he gave in Galilee—an impression of authority as well miraculous as moral; and in the crowded district full of misery it produced a widespread popular movement of enthusiasm for the new prophet and teacher. 'God,' they cried, 'hath visited his people!' " (Gore)

Let us remember that the Lord Jesus came "to show us the Father," that in all His goodness and loving kindness He showed the goodness and loving kindness of God.

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

Questions

1. What did the Jewish elders of Capernaum ask of our Lord.
2. How had the centurion shown his "worthiness."
3. When our Lord came near the Centurion's house what happened?
4. "And I say to this one," etc.—What did the Centurion mean?
5. What did our Lord say of him?
6. What happened as our Lord came near Nain?
7. What did our Lord say to the young man's mother?
8. What did He say to the man himself.
9. "I am come—" Complete the verse

ABOUT ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 5.)

one of the most important in the British Empire. That is the reason why Singapore has been converted into one of the strongest fortresses in the world, with a garrison of regular troops and great and up-to-date bases for H. M. Navy and the R.A.F. I am proud to be able to say that quite recently the strength of the R.A.F. has been materially increased by squadrons from the Commonwealth of Australia.

Malaya, has a population of no more than 4½-5 million, which includes probably only 15,000 Europeans, yet from the end of the last war to the commencement of the present one she contributed over 20 million sterling to the cause of Imperial Defence, and since the outbreak of war 13 months ago, she has given or has contracted to give some 8 million to the Imperial Government for war purposes as well as £250,000 to the British Red Cross and other war charities.

I submit, gentlemen, that those Europeans and Asiatics, Malays, Indians, Chinese, Arabs, Cingalese and others are doing all they can and are moreover doing it with a fervor which is practical proof of their loyalty. They like the rest of the Empire, shelter beneath the British flag and they will have none other. I know that they, like the rest of the Empire, feel proud to think that with the Mother Country, they are left to defend the liberties of the world.

* * *

NOW, gentlemen, I have served the British Empire for over 30 years, and I look on it as the greatest influence for civilization and peace that the world has ever seen. I have lived in six different countries and in each have found the same desire on the part of the people, the simple human desire to live their own lives, to be treated fairly and justly, and to be given a chance to better themselves. It is because we have done our best to satisfy these desires that people of the Empire have rallied round the Mother Country in this hour of trial.

I believe that these days of trial will give us a stronger and a happier Empire. We at home are going through the fires. For the ordinary civilian such as myself it is a novel experience to rise up in the morning in the knowledge that one may never again lie down to rest, or to seek sleep at night in the knowledge that one may never wake. I believe it is doing us good. It is giving us a stiffening which perhaps we needed, it is giving us a closer insight into other people's difficulties and troubles (for we all face the same danger, we are all in the front line) and it is finding us closer and closer to all those countries of the Empire who have so magnificiently come to our help. You are sending your sons to England to take care of us. We are sending our children here that you may take care of them. What a wonderful experience for those boys and girls! What a link they will forge between us and you.

The people of England are happy today. Happy because they are all in the front line, happy to defend their families and homes and happy because they know that the cause for which they fight is good. And so I bring you their message "Be of good cheer."

The Empire draws closer together and closer to her sister democracy, the U.S.A. Among the pilots of the British A.T.A. (Air Transport Auxiliary) are several Americans. These men are not in the R.A.F. but are directly under the Minister for Aircraft Production, and their job is to ferry planes, fighters and bombers of various types, from the factories to the aerodromes in various parts of the country. The photo shows an American pilot from California stepping out of a Spitfire, and (left) another American discussing the merits of the planes ferried in with a British pilot (right). The pilot in the centre is a Canadian.

Businesslike Work in the Air Force

SIR EVELYN WRENCH, founder of the Overseas League and one of the founders of the English-Speaking Union, has been in Montreal on his way back to England.

"I've just been to Ottawa," he said, "I have also visited a number of your flying schools. Throughout, and particularly in Ottawa, I was impressed by the lack of red tape in high office. I think that you have businessmen running the war—particularly in the Air Force."

Sir Evelyn Wrench and Lady Wrench left England some weeks ago, before the start of the heavy bombing, although as they left Liverpool German raiders came over four times.

SPIRIT UNDAUNTED

"But don't think that the raids will daunt the spirit of the British people," he said. "They won't. My wife's brother, Sir Allan Brooke, is commander of the British Home Forces. He is in command of the greatest army that Britain has ever had at home.

"He says that there has never been such a fine army and I have the utmost confidence in what he says. There have never been such fine men in British uniform. And the way they are taking to training is a revelation to everyone concerned."

Don't be sorry for yourself. Be resourceful. Create enjoyment in the things that are within your scope to do.

Our Chums'

MAIL BAG

DEAR CHUMS,—

Here we are well off on the Second Part of our Contest with the subject.

"HOW TO KEEP FIT TO SERVE CANADA"

Supposing you were the leader of a group of boys and girls who were going to be given some kind of war work to do and it was your job to see that they were all healthy and strong and "fit" in every way to do their bit—what would you do? What health rules would you give them to follow? What unhealthy habits would you cut out? What new things would you start doing together? How would you have to improve your own fitness in order to be a leader?

You may quote from your hygiene books, Red Cross rules, or Scout or Guide Manuals provided you tell where you are quoting from. This subject should be easier than the last one so I expect a big response from you all. It's an important subject too. So give it your best, and start now.

* * *

Before saying Goodbye I want to remind you that we are soon coming to Remembrance Day. Our men overseas are giving their best in a great struggle just as their fathers did 25 yrs. ago. We pay tribute to our soldiers of today and honor those who went before. We remember their sacrifice with grateful hearts. Because of that sacrifice we are still free and able to fight for our freedom. Let us never be unworthy of that freedom, so dearly bought, and now being defended at so great a cost.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth,—I am 11 years old and in grade 7 at school. I have two sisters Kathleen age 12 in grade 8 and Donna age 6 in grade 1.

This is my first letter to the mail bag. I have a cousin who is a soldier in England.

This is why I think my country is at war: Hitler and his men are surely very, very cruel and would take all liberty and freedom from the people throughout all the world if they were not stopped. Hitler has proven himself cruel in many ways—killing old people, and little children, on purpose, and the way he used the Jews, just ecause they were Jews.

His own people in Germany have to honor and obey him or they are cruelly treated and some are killed.

If we Canadians had Hitler for our ruler instead of our good and kind King George we would not enjoy the liberty we now have we would be obliged to honor and obey Hitler before God.

Britain puts God first and proves it by the spirit in which she is endeavoring to fight this war. She does not kill people unnecessarily, and would never sink a ship of little children or intentionally bomb a hospital full of old and sick people. Our country is fighting to prevent such a cruel man from getting control, and making slaves of our people.

We children can help, too, in many ways by saving our pennies, doing without things we do not really need, and buying War Stamps.

We can learn to knit and write cheery letters and send things to our soldiers, who are fighting so that we can feel safe and free, and can have our church, and our Sunday School, and a good and understanding King and Queen, who themselves put God first and would have all their subjects do the same.

So our country is fighting for such reasons. And we must all help to smash Hitler at any cost. A new chum, —Margaret E. Murray, Que.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my second letter to your page. I read the "Northern Messenger" every Sunday after receiving it in Sunday School. I like the "Northern Messenger" very much and enjoy reading your page.

This time I am asking someone to write to me who is fourteen years old. My girl chum at home told me some girl wrote to me through the chum's page but I did not get the Northern Messenger that Sunday. Well I hope whoever that person is will write to me again. I promise to write to you and I hope you will forgive me for not writing.

I will say good-bye for now. Yours Truly,—Jetta G. Lewis, N. S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Pen Friends,—Well I am signing on again Aunt Ruth and I mean to be a regular writer from now on. (This is my sixth letter.)

I had lovely holidays this summer, for I went to Alberta where I had never been before so I enjoyed the new scenes immensely..I also stopped at Saskatoon for two weeks. The bus was very thriling at first but I soon got used to it. I made very nice friends on the bus. I learned to dive a little while I was away too.

I am in grade VII at school and like it best of all my grades so far. It's very interesting with experiments and Algebra.

I have my Northern Messenger Pencil but not my Maple Leaf Badge. How can I obtain it Aunt Ruth? I do want to keep all the badges I win for when I grow up and am away from home. I use my pencil regularly and it saved me buying a pencil at the beginning of school.

Well I must leave room for other Pen Pals so cheerio. Your Pal or Chum —Eleanor Turner, Sask.

P.S.—I would like Pen Pals and hope everyone enjoyed vacation time as I did.

Ans.—You may win a Maple Leaf Badge and also a Blue Pin by entering our fall contest immediately. And we are as keen to have you get one as you are to win it!—A. R.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—Again I answer your call for letters, and this time I shall tell you why, to my way of thinking, My Country is at War.

FIRST of all we are at war because our mother country Britain is at war. We Canadians have not forgotten what our mother country has done for us in days of yore, and so when she needed our help we were not slow to answer.

You may ask me, Why is Britain at War? This is the answer: Britain is in this mess fighting for freedom and right. That is what she stands for and that is what she will maintain for we shall be victorious.

A French girl I have never seen, but to whom I have been writing for several years, said in one of her letters "Britain and France do not want war but they are obliged to have it because of that terrible and foolish man Hitler," and there I think you have the answer to your question, Hitler, dictatorship and all they stand for. As you all know they stand for the direct opposite of all Britain and democracy stand for.

The countries to whom Hitler has gallantly said "I will protect you from British oppression," are the very ones he has gobbled up.

Hitler wanted to rule the world and his colleague Mussolini wants to rebuild the Roman Empire. I think that those wishes are impossible, perhaps more so Mussolini's because the Roman Empire is dead, and has been dead for

(Please turn to Page 11.)

so long it has given people many a headache trying to remember all they have read about it. It was wonderful in its day, I admit, but now it is dead.

Britain is trying to maintain Christianity. One of the first things Adolf Hitler did after the Germans had "blundered him into power," was to try to destroy the Christian Church in Germany. That was his greatest enemy and that was his greatest mistake. He cannot rule God nor can he rule God-fearing nations.

BRITAIN however is not fighting for herself alone. She is fighting for such nations as Poland, Belguim, The Netherlands, Norway, France and all those who have been cruelly ravaged by Hitler and his "Pal" Mussolini.

Think and compare Hitler with King George or Mussolini with Prime Minister Churchill. Well you may smile at this preposterous idea. There is absolutely nothing alike about them. They are as different as day from night.

When you sum it all up I should say that France fought for "Liberty, Equality and Fatemity" and Britain is carrying on fighting for Freedom and Democracy.

What a marvelous people the British are! They stand with their shoulder to the wheel at every turn. The courage of such people, the good cause for which they are fighting and many others are the reason why, "There'll always be an England and England shall be free."—Margaret Collins Ont. (Age 14).

To MARGARET WELDIN FROM NOVA CAMERON

Dear Margaret,—I was going to answer your letter before but I lost my Messenger, and just found it.

I was eleven years old on May 15th. I have five brothers and four sisters. I am in Gr. VI at school. My teacher is Mrs. Fraser. There are 12 pupils in our school.

I live on a farm in Nova Scotia. We have a horse, cows, sheep, hens and a pig. For pets we have 3 cats and a dog.

Yes, I like to read. I am reading Ethel Morton at Rose House now.

Hoping to hear from you soon. Your pen-pal,—Nova Cameron.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Editors:—I wish to thank you very much for the blue pin which I received from you recently. I shall, indeed, wear it with pleasure. Yours sincerely, Margaret Collins, Ont.

Ans.—We were proud and glad to award the pin and hope many more chums will win them. A. R.

Don't neglect to do a good because it is unimportant.—Chinese Proverb.

The History of Glass

OUR knowledge of glass goes back at least 5,000 years. There is evidence that it was first introduced into Egypt from Syria about 1, 500 B. C.

By 1160 B. C. progress had been made, as evidenced by colored glass fishes and other specimens found in Egyptian tombs of about that date.

Glass blowing found its way to Egypt from Syria about the first century B. C. and was naturally applied chiefly to the making of bottles and vessels of every description.

The Romans used glass for a variety of purposes, although their development of window glass, as we know it now, seems unaccountably slow. Glass was used in pavements, as a coating for walls, in horticultural frames and even in drain pipes. It was used in windows, although not to such an extent that it displaced the universally used mica, alabaster and shell.

The chief contribution of the Romans to the extension of the making of glass was in the civilizing of Western Europe and so distributing the craft and increasing the demand and opportunity for it.

About 1200 A. D. a number of French glass makers settled in Chiddingfold in Surrey Eng. commencing an industry which was to flourish for 400 years.

Meanwhile, Syria itself continued to be an important centre of manufacture, and in the eighth century was spinning window crowns.

The Venetian glass industry probably owes its origin to its Syrian contacts or to Syrian enterprise. The Venetian industry dates back from the tenth century and, whereas other European glass makers were nomads, following the receding forests that fed their furnaces, the Venetians, on the other hand, exhibited a typical clannishness of the glass-making fraternity in a more municipal manner, remaining in one place, and at an early date consolidated their craft as a "mystery," forming themselves into a guild at the beginning of the 13th century.

* * *

THE Venetians concentrated chiefly on glass beads and glass vessels, but they actually manufactured and exported a certain amount of window glass, besides spectacle lenses, ships' lanterns and finally, about 1317 A. D., mirrors.

Turning into the Seine and Rhineland area, situated about the middle of France and Germany, we find that at an early date a large and increasing window glass industry was being developed, catering more especially to the growing ecclesiastical demand. The development of the Gothic in architecture and the consequent increase of window space in the buildings of the richer and more powerful section of the medieval society had something to do with this.

The development of polished plate glass arose about the middle of the 17th century and it was later followed by the manufacturing of rolled and figured glasses for specific uses.—The War Cry

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True Friendship

By Amy D. Enss.

True friendship holds in reverence deep
A confidential word,
Nor stoops to whisper in an ear
A conversation heard.

A friend who shares his joys and woes,
And shoulders all your own,
Would make the best and finest pal
That anyone has known.

How could you find a pal like this
Who'd answer to your quest?
Be an ideal pal yourself
And trust to God the rest!
—Youth's Christian Companion

Sound Travels Far

LONG-distance sound waves travel in the rare atmosphere fifty to sixty miles above the surface of the earth. They also travel in a gradual curve. This explains why loud noises such as explosions sometimes are not heard in localities near the catastrophe, but only in communities farther away. The sound waves simply passed over the closer areas once they reached the higher atmosphere.

One of the loudest noises in history occurred in 1883, when the whole top of a volcano on the island of Krakatoa in the Malay East Indies blew up. This explosion was heard at Bangkok, Siam, nearly fifteen hundred miles away.

The long distance record for sound was made in 1933. A great dynamite explosion on the island of Nova Zembla, in the Arctic, was heard in Berlin, at a distance of more than two thousand miles.

Beautiful Ugly Hands

"AREN'T her hands ugly, Mama," exclaimed Gladys; "I'd hate to have such terribly ugly hands." And Gladys held up her own slender, well-formed, delicate hands to view. Gladys' hands were very pretty. She was proud of them and took very good care of them.

"Oh, my dear," reprimanded her mother, "you mustn't say such things! You should be ashamed!"

"But, Mama," argued Gladys, "Her hands are ugly—all crooked and twisted and scarred!" And Gladys shuddered.

"Gladys," said her mother sadly, "Mary's hands are beautiful. They are very, very beautiful. I know that they are crooked, twisted, scarred, crippled hands—unpleasant to behold—yet they are very, very beautiful hands. Do you know how Mary came to have such crippled hands?"

"No," admitted Gladys.

"Those very hands saved her little sister's life. And they were crippled because she froze them."

Gladys shuddered in horror.

* * *

"THEY were living in Montana when it happened. Mary's father had gone to town for supplies. And her mother was out to milk the cow when one of those sudden blizzards came up. Mary, who was left to care for her small sister, had become absorbed in play. The little one managed to open the door and wander out. Mary discovered with sudden fright that the child was gone. She ran out into the storm and found the wailing, freezing child. And here comes the sad part of the story. Mary in her haste to find her little sister, shut the door as she went out. And the latch was so high she couldn't open the door. So the two children huddled down by the door step to await their mother's return. In order to keep baby sister warm Mary gave up her own wrap. When the mother returned, Mary was half frozen. And in spite of all her mother could do to save them, Mary's hands are as you see them—crippled. They are beautiful—beautiful symbols of a test of heroism."

A Wise Little Girl

I am just a little girl,
But I am very good—
I nearly always do the things
My mamma says I should.

And when I'm nice they sometimes ask,
"Whose girl are you today?"
"I'm mamma's girl and daddy's girl."
Isn't that the kindest way?

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
—Wordsworth.

A Good Habit

Get the discovery habit; it pushes horizons farther and farther away, and gives you a larger world.

* * *

Look for new abilities in yourself. Explore your neighborhood| Sample a new kind of reading—biography, or popular science, or poetry.—La Favilia.

Giant footprints in ancient rocks discovered in various parts of the United States, for long said to be aeons old, are now believed to be Red Indian symbols hand-carved in comparatively recent times.—The War Cry.

Answers to Young People's Bible Reading

1. That He should heal the Centurion's servant.
2. He was kind to the Jews and built a synagogue for them. He loved his servant.
3. St. Luke 7:6-8
4. That just as his soldiers obeyed him, so sickness and health would obey the Great Teacher.
5. St. Luke 7:9
6. St. Luke 7:12
7. "Weep not!"
8. "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."
9. St. John 10:10

I CARE

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND BABIES

Contributions previously acknowledged and forwarded to Official Treasurer	$57.40
Further Contributions	12.00
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(See also Page 8.)

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If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested,* though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

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P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
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Keep your WITS WORKING

RIDDLE

As I walked over London bridge
I met a London scholar
He took off his hat
And drew off his gloves,
Pray tell me the name of that scholar.
(Sent by Margaret Edwards, Que.)

A SPELLING CATCH

SAY to someone that you will give him an easy word that he cannot spell. Probably your friend will say that he can spell any short simple word. Then you say, "All right, how do you spell need—meaning to need bread?" He is almost sure to say "K-N-E-A-D."

When you say he is wrong he will be very much surprised, and say that it is you who are the bad speller. Then you quietly him that you K-N-E-A-D dough, but you N-E-E-D bread.

JUMBLED AIRPLANES

These are the names of planes being used in the present war in the air. Sort them out.

UKRANJE
STIERIPF
HEIRNCAUR
IKENEHL
THEMMIRDESSSC
OASVAI

LETTER PUZZLE

Ask a friend this: "What is the difference between an elephant and a letter box?"

He will probably give it up and say he doesn't know. Then you reply, "Well, I shouldn't send *you* to post a letter."

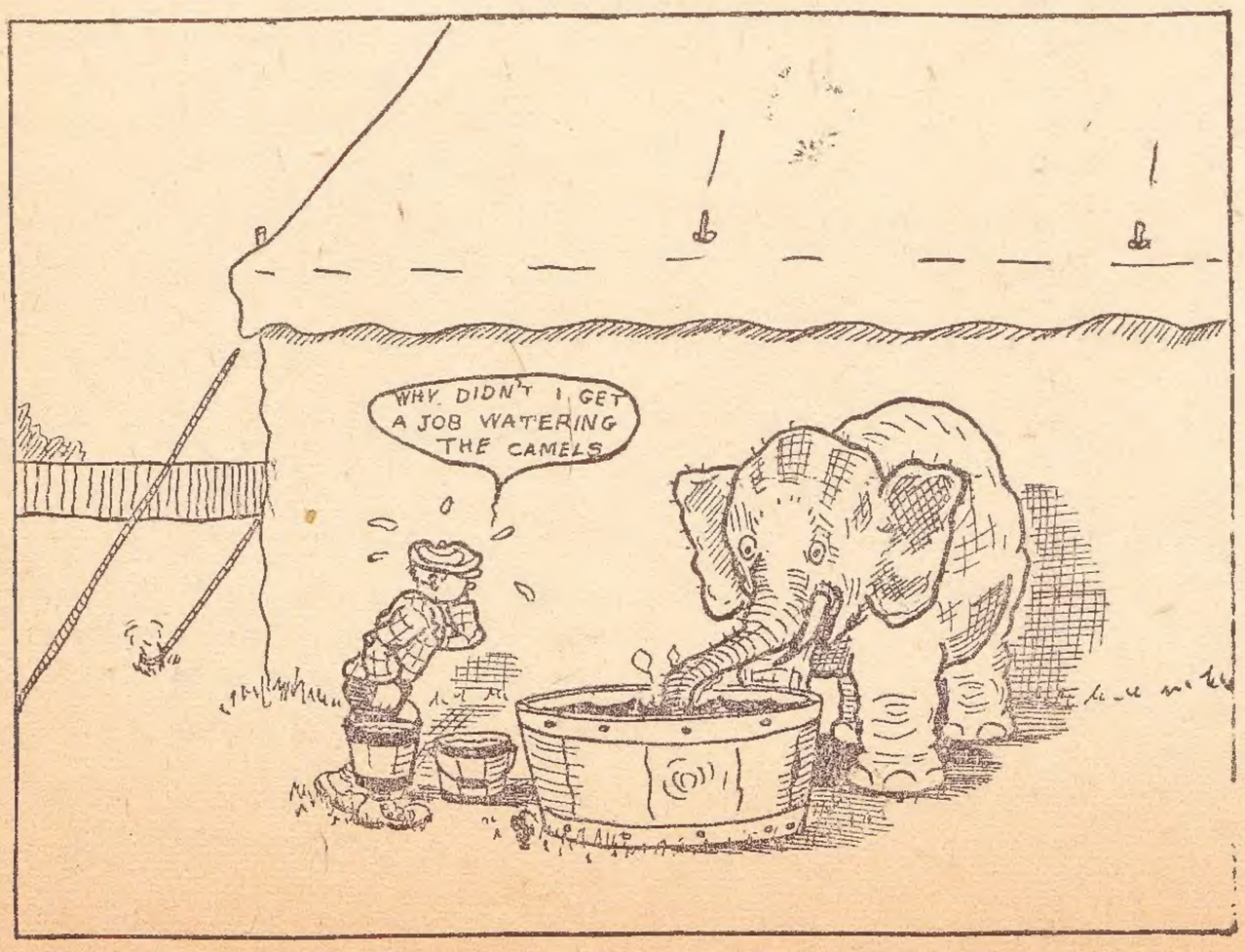
Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Riddles Old and New—1. Absence of body. 2. Because it makes our cream sour cream. 3. Because he rises rapidly in the world and has excellent prospects. 4. A cowslip. 5. Because he is let out in the morning and taken in in the evening.

Changed Word—Sand, Sank, Sack, Sock, Rock.

Crossword Puzzle—

Across	*Down*
1. Ninety-four	1. Nourisheth
10. Oboth	2. Ibzan
11. Owned	3. No
13. Uz	4. Etc.
14. Colon	5. Thou
16. He	6. Fool
17. R.A.S.	7. Own
19. Vel	8. Un
20. But	9. Rehum
21. Into	12. Determined
23. Same	15. Lebanon
24. Admatha	18. Stare
25. Hare	20. Baali
27. Elam	22. Ode
29. Ere	23. She
30. Rod	26. Aroer
32. Iri	28. Arise
33. To	30. Rare
34. Hanun	31. Dumb
36. In	34. Hem
39. Mouse	38. Be
37. Heber	35. Noe
41. Remembered	40. Ur



Diamond Puzzle—

B
A R E
B R I E F
E E L
F

She's So Dumb—

—she thinks "Yankee Doodle" was the theme song of the American Revolution.

—That an aviary is a hotel for aviators.

—that condensed milk is made especially for use in kitchenettes.

—that a dogma is a mamma dog.

—that Community silver is the kind that you can borrow from neighbors.

—that a ruble is a Russian peasant.

—that a house of correction is where proof readers work.

—that palsy is put around steaks for decoration.

—that bridges are built to shade the fish.

—that numerology is the job of numbering berths on Pullman cars.

Two countrymen were watching an airman doing "stunts."

"Well, Jarge," said one, "oi wouldn't loike to be up theer with 'un."

"And oi wouldnt loike to be up theer *without* 'un," replied the other.

Waiter: Which side of the table do you wish to sit on, sir?

Diner: I prefer to sit on a chair.

The Biggest Tree

The biggest tree in the world is the Sequoia, or Big Tree of California. It grows in the mountain valleys at elevations of 4500 feet or more above sea-level, and sometimes attains a height of over 300 feet, with a circumference at the base of the trunk of 100 feet. It lives for centuries.

Definitions

Hose—Product of ladder manufacturers.

Limit—Something we never reach unless we admit it.

Soliloquy—Conversation with the only one you really know.

Solitary—The man with the great idea for which the world isn't ready.

Success—Defeat of failure. That's all there is to it.

THINGS NEVER SEEN

Did you ever see a letter box, a penny stamp or a bed spring?

Do you think you will ever see a house fly or hear a rubber band or read a cat's tail?

How exciting it would be to see a rose bowl!

What does a bell buoy?

What do you suppose would ever make a flag stone anything?

Nice Rice Desserts

RICE CUSTARD PUDDING

Beat three eggs slightly, add five tablespoons sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, a teaspoon vanilla, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, three cups milk and two cups cooked rice. Mix thoroughly, then pour into a baking dish, set in a pan of cold water and bake in a slow oven until the custard is set so that a knife inserted in the centre will come out clean. The usual baking time is about forty minutes. This is a delicately flavored dessert that is especially appreciated for luncheon or after a rather elaborate dinner.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

FOR RICE PUDDING OR BLANC MANGE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 1-3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk; 1-8 teaspoon salt, 8 marshmallows, quartered, 1-3 to 1-2 cup hot water.

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until mixture thickens. Add marshmallows which have been quartered. Stir until they begin to blend but are not fully dissolved. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2 1-2 cups.

FROZEN RICE PUDDING

Scald two cups milk in the upper part of a double boiler and puor over the yolks of two eggs and one-half cup sugar that have been beaten together. Return to the double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture coats the spoon. Add one cup cooked rice and two cups drained, crushed pineapple. Chill. Fold in one cup of cream, whipped and one-half teaspoon salt. Pour into the freezing tray of a refrigerator or pack in equal parts ice and salt for three hours. Unmold and serve plain.

RICE FRUIT COMPOTE

Beat an egg, add two tablespoons sugar and one-half cup milk and cook in a double boiler until the custard coats a spoon. Add one-half teaspoon each vanilla and lemon extract and three cups cooked rice and mix well. Pour into individual molds and chill. Turn into serving dishes and garnish with any stewed fruit.

Janey Stands Alone

LUCIA MALLORY

"LUCIA," telephoned Alice Loring, "I need to ask a favor of you. It's about something that's tremendously important to Janey and me—"

Knowing Alice's tendency to overdevotion as a mother, I felt instinctively that I might prove to be a better friend if I refused her request. In that case it would be better to be talking face to face than by telephone. "Could you come over?" I asked.

"Why, yes," Alice agreed, "I can come for a few minutes before my next pupil arrives."

As I waited for my friend, I kept thinking about the slender, sober-faced little girl that had been, since her father's death three years before, her mother's constant companion. The two shared an intense love of music. At ten years of age, Janey had acquired a proficiency on the violin that made her playing constantly in demand. How many times I had watched the small musician, with rapt face bent above her violin, while her mother, at the piano, played a perfect accompaniment!

"I'll tell you what I want, Lucia," Alice began breathlessly. "Mr. Barnes wants Janey to go with him to play a violin solo when he gives the Commencement address at Fairfield, and he wants to take little Edna Dixon along as her accompanist. That child would just ruin Janey's solo. Do you suppose you could possibly drive over that evening and take me—I'd pay for the gas—"

"You don't need to go, Alice," I interrupted. "Mr. Barnes will take good care of Janey. Anybody that's been superintendent of schools for twenty years knows how to take care of children."

"But you don't understand, Lucia," my friend answered tragically. "Janey has never played without me! You know how I follow her every movement! Edna Dixon would be just another child playing a solo. I'll have to find somebody else to take me."

As Alice was turning away, I decided that the time had come to tell her some of the things she needed to know.

"Wait a minute, Alice," I urged. "I wish you'd think the matter over carefully before you make the mistake of going with Janey."

"What do you mean—make a mistake?" Alice asked in a hurt voice. "I thought you liked to hear us play together."

"Indeed I do enjoy your playing," I hastened to assure her. "It's just that you won't always be with your daughter. The time must come for Janey to stand alone. Good mother that you are, Alice, you aren't giving the child a chance to prepare for that time.

"It isn't easy to say this," I went on, as my friend listened soberly, "but I believe you and Janey would both be better off if, part of the time, each of you had outside companionship."

"Lucia, do you really think I ought to let Edna play for Janey, even if it—spoils her solo?"

"The audience will be pleased to hear two such small children play," I told her. "They won't expect perfection."

"All right, Lucia, I'll call Mr. Barnes and tell him that Janey may play with Edna. I've been too much wrapped up in the child to think clearly about such things." Alice gave me a warm handclasp as she hurried away to the studio.

A few weeks later I heard the two children play together on a school program. Janey's mother sat beside me and shared the pleasure of the entire audience in the children's performance.

"I want to thank you for your suggestion, Lucia," she said. "It is good for Janey to stand alone."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

Prayer for the Underprivileged

I only ask one garden, Lord,
One bit of earth,
One shelter from the wind and rain,
One house, one hearth
Where I may know my share of ease
And love and mirth.

I ask no rich profusion, Lord,
No vast estate,
No gilded halls while thousands stand
Homeless outside my gate;
No surfeiting while others hold
An empty plate.

I only ask one spot to grow
My rose, my tree, my gourd;
One sure retreat where I may make
A ploughshare of my sword,
And find my joy when work is done—
Only one garden, Lord. —*Advance.*

DID HE BREAK IT GENTLY?

Jack: Guess what I'm buying you for Christmas, Dad?

Father: I'm sure I can't. What is it?

Jack: A shaving mug.

Father: But I have one already, old chap.

Jack: You haven't, father; I've just broken it.

Northern Messenger

November 8, 1940.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

THE Messenger this week will be in the hands of its readers a little before Remembrance Day,—the day when we pay honor to the memory of the men who died in the former Great War, that of 1914-18.

For twenty years we liked to think of "Armistice Day" as a day when peace was restored to a wounded world. But we have found that the forces of evil are very desperate forces. And the world made a mistake in thinking that peace was merely an opportunity for enjoyment and for making money.

Now it has come about again that peace can only be bought by sacrifice. Well for us if we learn that as it is bought by sacrifice it can only be maintained by generous, sacrificial living.

So on Remembrance Day we shall do honor to those who a generation ago gave their lives that we might be free. We shall think of and pray for those now engaged in the struggle, and we shall give ourselves anew to God resolving that whether in war or peace we "shall manfully fight under His banner" and find our pleasures in the service of others. So shall we be factors in bringing about true peace.

Selfishness and pride are costly luxuries. They create war. Unselfishness is the very foundation of peace. Each in their way are costly. But which is the better bargain in the end? Indeed, which course makes for the happiest life right now? We have not time to think of everything in two minutes' silence. But in those two minutes let us each reconsecrate himself or herself to God and His plan for this world.

THE WORLD'S PROTECTORS

NOW it is Greece's turn to be "protected" by the Nazi Axis. Mussolini finds a double reason for extending his protecting arm across the narrow Adriatic Sea. First he finds "incidents" on the Greek Albanian border and then he finds "a grave British threat to Greek independence."

With a queer sort of logic he claimed that the only way to "protect Greek independence" was for Greece to hand strategic points over to him, and he gave the Greek Government three hours to decide its course of action.

We all know how that sinister offer of protection was rejected by the Greek King George and the Greek Premier John Metaxis. They knew how such protection had worked in the case of Ethiopia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Norway and France, and they would not betray Greece as some of those countries were betrayed. So the war has spread and is spreading. Britain,—who is a very old friend of Greece,—may be depended on to do her part, as our King and Prime Minister Churchill have promised.

The developments in Eastern Europe will add to Britain's task and make it more difficult. As Canadians we may well be proud that in Britain's war effort Canada is with her "up to the hilt" and that we—"you in your small corner and I in mine,"—can and must help in any way we can to bring the world, beginning with our part of it, to a better way of thought and action.

The Greek Consul in Montreal said: "We will fight to the end for our liberty as we know it is better to die than be under the yoke of either Italy or Germany."

POOR FRANCE

THERE lies France—a few short weeks ago so strong, so courageous. Today through treachery on the part of some of her leaders, weakness on the part of others, she knows the weight of the tyrant's heel on her neck, or the tyrant's goad at her back as she fulfils his commands and faces starvation and pestilence this winter as her hire.

Unheeded went that last-minute appeal of Prime Minister Churchill and King George's message of sympathy and encouragement and that other fine message by the Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe—all noble efforts to rally the Spirit of France to make yet another fight for liberty and order. The people would have rallied but their leaders had sold them up stream to Hitler.

What if that evil genius did promise the leaders better terms for France if they voluntarily came over to his side, what were his promises worth in the light of Hitler's record? Suppose he did threaten them with starvation if they refused. Would they have fared worse than they assuredly will, for France is already being denuded of supplies.

But no one can believe that France, —the France of Joan of Arc and of the Marseillaise, and of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" can be held down permanently under the bludgeons and jackboots of Nazidom. But there is yet hope in the fact that the "Free French" War Council of General de Gaulle, in the name of France and the people of France, have disowned the capitulation of the puppet Vichy Government. Britain and the peoples who are ranged with her are fighting the battle for France as well as for the other liberty-loving nations of the world. France must know this. Her "collaboration" with Hitler will not be of a very hearty character.

THE LOSS OF THE MARGAREE

WE surely all joined with Premier Mackenzie King as he expressed the deep sympathy of the Canadian people and Government with those who have suffered bereavement through the tragic loss of *H.M.C.S. Margaree,* with 140 officers and men.

"The place of the Margaree will speedily be taken by another destroyer in the Canadian Navy," he said, "but none can take the place of the brave sailors in the hearts of their families and their comrades.

"The names of the brave officers and men who perished with their distinguished commander in the performance of their duty at sea will live in the grateful memory of their country."

Up to the present writing, nine days before the date of this paper, only the first bulletins of the catastrophe have been made public. The story will be told by the survivors when they reach land. Of one thing we may be sure: there was no panic on the Margaree.

Almost the same day came news of the sinking, by bombs and perhaps also by torpedoes, of that majestic Canadian liner and palatial floating hotel, the *Empress of Britain,* the tenth largest passenger vessel in the world. Fortunately in her case, only fifty-three of her pasengers and crew were lost. And again there was marvellous fortitude and discipline in the very face of death.

The courage and discipline shown by all British peoples—civilians as well as disciplined soldiers, sailors and airmen —in this war is the admiraton and wonder of the world. As a friend expressed it the other day, "It is miraculous,—it is nothing but the gift of God." Let us not forget to be on active service in our prayers for those on active service on the sea and under it, in the air, and on the ground, for the suppression of oppression.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

The soil of the world is being plowed and harrowed by Hitler and his henchmen. Let us sow in those furrows the good seed of an understanding, confident, practical faith in God. And let us cultivate the shoots from such seed wherever they appear, that the rising generation will reap a good harvest.

"Farthest East"

ONE of the most interesting members of the British Empire is British Malaya, lying off south-eastern Asia, between that continent and Australia. Malaya includes the Federated and Unfederated Malay States and the Straits Settlements which comprise the island of Singapore and a number of other islands.

Less than a hundred years ago all this district was the haunt of pirates. Largely through the work of the British Navy the waters were made safe for the ships of all nations. Today the country is peaceful and prosperous, the people are firmly loyal to King George and the Empire and friendly relations exist between the natives and the British officials and traders.

Among the products of this group of colonies and protectorates are rubber, tin, coconuts, pineapples, palm oil and rice. Singapore, the capital of the Straits Settlements, is a fine large city. Its great naval and air base makes it a sort of "police station" protecting the trade routes in the Eastern Seas. The British authorities in Malaya co-operate with the United States representatives in the Philippines, those of the Netherlands in the neighboring Dutch East Indies and with the French interests in Eastern Asia.

Why the Wire?

IT is astonishing how few of the many thousands who use electric light know why the bulb, or lamp, has a very thin wire inside. They have, of course noticed the wire, but they have never asked themselves why it becomes white hot and yet does not burn up. There are certain substances which offer a great resistance to the passage of electricity through them, and from one of these substances (such as the metals tungsten or tantalum) a very thin wire is made.

The wire is coiled, zigzagged, or waved in the bulb, this arrangement giving a greater length than if it were straight. The ends of this wire are so arranged that they join the terminals of the electric current from the main, and when the switch is turned on and current flows the thin wire, or filament, offers such resistance that great heat is generated and it becomes incandescent. —My Magazine.

AUSTRALIA WELCOMES WAR GUESTS

AFTER a record long voyage of more than two months, prolonged to ensure safety, a Polish liner has arrived in Australia with 477 children from the United Kingdom. R. L. Curthoys tells the story in a wireless despatch from Sydney, N.S.W. to the New York Times and the Montreal Gazette.

The voyage was spent mostly in the tropics, the ship crossing the equator three times, but apart from measles, chicken pox and other children's ailments there was little illness.

The children, among whom the boys and girls are almost equally divided in numbers, are settling in all states, but mostly in New South Wales and Victoria.

Greeted by ferry sirens and "cooees" from the crowds on the foreshore, they wildly cheered the completion of their journey but couldn't understand Australia's lack of blackouts and sandbags, and insisted on taking their gas masks ashore.

Each Australian port lavishly entertained the young guests. One picnic consumed 3,000 oranges, 1,000 apples, 3,000 ice cream cones and 300 pounds of sweets with no serious after-effects.

En route, their 36 escorts gave lessons and formed a group of 70 Boy Scouts, of whom 20 passed the tenderfoot test.

Minister of the Interior Senator H. S. Foli, in announcing the arrival, said that Australia would receive these children with open arms and make them forget the horrors of air war. Australia's happiness, however, was mingled with deep regret, he said, since it was necessary, if only temporarily, to suspend the evacuation scheme. She had hoped to welcome, not just a hundred, but many thousands of children, and still prayed it might be possible.

An Australia-wide broadcast welcomed the children, after which recordings of the arrivals in Australian ports were broadcast.

A Daring Rescue

WILLIAM FISHER, a Southampton dock laborer, received the George Medal for what must have been one of the most exciting rescues of the war. An anti-aircraft gun battery was working on the roof of a building 50 feet high when bombs hit the building itself, seriously wounding one man on the gun team.

A fire was started and ammonia was released from a cold storage chamber below. The men were ordered to abandon the position, but it was found impossible to get the wounded man down the ladders.

Then Fisher made a sling out of a rope, had himself swung to the roof by a crane, sent the wounded man down the same way and waited in the fire and fumes until the crane was swung up again.

The house wife put down her shopping basket and sniffed at the herrings laid out on the fish-monger's slab.

"These fish don't seem very fresh," she remarked.

"No, indeed, missus," retorted the fishmonger. "And I guess you wouldn't look very fresh if you'd been chased all over the North Sea with half the German navy at your 'eels."

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They're GOOD AND GOOD FOR YOU